AN INNOCENT PARSON.

HIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE A RAM FIGHT IN RING VERNACULAR.

The Bride Ventured a Suggestion Which Caught On—The Preacher Didn't Fully Succeed In Appearing Unsophisticated. The Little Ram's Ring Tactics.

A preacher told this story at a wedding supper on the South Side the other evening:

"I was riding along a country road near Bloomington," he said, "when I noticed a group of sheep in a pasture. There was a large open space in the midst of the flock, and at either end of the space stood a ram. In the center, but standing a little at one side, was a third ram. The two rams had evidently had a falling out about something, or else they had come to settle in a friendly contest which was the better ram. Ram No. 3 seemed to be acting as—judge, umpire—what do you call it? Referee? Yes, that's it, the third ram was the referee. I don't know under what rules the meeting took place. It may have been Queensberry or Roseberry. You see I am not up to these technical matters.

"When all the preliminaries had been arranged and both contestants had been cautioned apparently that there was to be no 'fouling'—I think I have seen that word in the newspapers occasionally, and therefore I suppose it is a correct word to use in this connection—each backed off to the farthest limits of the circle, which, by the way, was not a squared circle. The referee stepped out of the way, and the rams dashed toward each other. When their heads came together, there was a terrific crash, and the force of the concussion threw them as far apart as the length of this table."

All the guests looked the full length of the table from the passion flowers at one end to the bride's cake in the far perspective, and then at the preacher in the middle distance, but nobody said anything.

"Then," continued the preacher, "they took their places, apparently none the worse for the encounter. Again, evidently at a preconcerted signal from the referee, they dashed together. This time the shock was even more terrific than the first, and I noticed that as one of them went back to his—ah, what do they call it, corner?—he was a little unsteady on his legs."

"Groggy!" ventured the bride.

"I believe that is the technical term," replied the preacher, "although, as I have intimated, I am not at all familiar with sporting phraseology. When time was called for the third round—ahem—that is, I mean to say when the rams had recovered strength for a third collision—there was another rush, a crash, and one of the rams, the one you so aptly described as 'groggy' (with an acknowledgment to the bride) fell to his knees. His adversary did not seem inclined to follow up his advantage, but possibly he may have been restrained by the rules of the meeting. At any rate, after contemplating his fallen foe gravely for a moment he walked back to his place. The other ram, after resting briefly, struggled to his feet. The third ram—the one I have called the referee—looked at him rather inquiringly, as it seemed to me, but the warrior showed no sign of recognition. He ambled to his side of the ring and faced about. A murmur of some sort seemed to go through the flock. The odds were apparently 3 to 1 in favor of the other ram—that is to say, it seemed to be the general opinion that the ram with the weak knees had been outclassed, as the other one was decidedly the heavier of the two.

"However, the smaller ram seemed to have wonderful recuperative powers. When the proper interval had elapsed, he came up smiling, as it were. I even thought I could see a twinkle in his eye, for I was quite close to the fence, and this thing took place only a little distance away. As the referee stepped back from the center of the ring, where he kept his position between the meetings, the other two rams drove at each other pellmell. At the very instant when their hard horns would have met, however, the smaller ram suddenly changed his course to the right, and the other went through the ranks like a catapult.

"Just as he turned about, evidently boiling over with indignation at the trick which had been played on him, the other one, with the added force given by a longer run from one side of the circle to a point several feet outside of it, where the larger ram's momentum had carried him, shot at him like a cannon ball, striking him full in the face and driving him several feet away, where he lay limp and helpless. The third ram, who was promptly on the spot, as I suppose every competent referee should be, nodded his head several times—indeed it looked to me as if he was counting—and then the fallen ram failing to rise the whole flock marched away toward a knoll in another part of the meadow with the victorious ram at the head. Presently the defeated ram got on his feet and made his way to a secluded spot down by a little run, where I saw him reclining in the shade of a large willow tree as I rode away."

"What an interesting study natural history is," said the bride's grandmother as she adjusted her glasses.

"It is indeed," said the groom's father, coughing behind his napkin.—Chicago Tribune.

Improved Library For Harvard.

The Harvard library looks just now like the ruins of some ancient Gothic cathedral. Its churchlike walls—and, by the way, all visitors to Harvard naturally mistake the library for the chapel—now stand at night like ghostly sentinels guarding the thousands of learned and unlearned volumes buried there. But in the daytime there come throngs of artisans, who are doing their best to make the library a perfect sepulcher for books and students. Where five men were previously accommodated, there will soon be room for ten, and the enlargement of storage capacities for books will be also carefully looked after. In short, Harvard is at last to have a library building in some measure adequate to her reputation as a seat of learning and to the size of her library, which now numbers nearly half a million volumes.—Boston Transcript.

The Faure Family.

The French president and his family generally live simply, although observing so much state on ceremonial occasions. The other day Mme. Faure was late for dinner. President Faure grew anxious and paced the dining room, repeatedly asking the officer in attendance where his wife could be. The cook grumbled that the dinner would spoil, and all the Elysee was upset. At last the missing lady appeared. "My dear," she said to the president, "I am so sorry to be late, but the omnibuses were so full that I had to wait such a time for a seat." Mme. Faure had never thought of taking the carriage when she went out shopping.—New York Tribune.

TROLLEY DEATHS.

A Medical View of the Mortality From Electric Lines and Other Causes.

Chicago has been called the "most blood guilty city on earth," because of the great number of lives annually lost through railroad accidents. The Chicago commissioner of health reports, in 1894, 354 deaths from this cause, and he blames the "grade crossings" for the mortality. In Philadelphia the number of deaths from railroad accidents recorded by the coroner in the year 1894 was 236; in 1893 it was 216, and in 1892, 208. For the six months ending July 1, 1895, 106 cases are reported. In Chicago nearly 50 additional fatal railroad accidents were not recorded as such, but were returned to the board of health under the head of "fracture of the spine," "surgical shock," etc.

Of the 354 fatal accidents occurring in Chicago about 45 were from street cars and the balance from steam railroads. Of the 236 deaths in Philadelphia in 1894 67 were from street cars; and for the six months of 1895 55 deaths on the coroner's books are charged to the street railways, including the trolleys. Many of the cases investigated by the coroner occur among the employees of the road and are included in these statistics. The city of Brooklyn has but 70 deaths from railroad accidents recorded on its coroner's books for the year 1894, and yet during the late railroad strike in that city its surface trolley companies were accused of great recklessness and gross disregard for human life, and the coroner's clerk in a letter to us has limited his figures to the records in his office.

Chicago has 3,000 streets crossed at grade by steam cars. In Philadelphia we have not quite so many grade crossings, and yet several hundred more than we ought to have. The trolleys have added a considerable number of deaths to the mortality list, but the grade crossings continue to furnish the greater number. While the trolley is deadly on the one hand, it is on the other hand a therapeutic agency of no little value, and must exercise a beneficial influence upon the life and health of the community. What was formerly only possible to the wealthy—namely, a ride into the country—can now be indulged in by the poorest inhabitant, and what can be more health giving, after the hard work of a hot day, than a long ride in an open car out into the surrounding country? The young people have trolley excursions instead of dancing parties. The children of the poor districts are taken on an airing instead of sweltering in hot rooms, and thousands are benefited that never were before.

While we bemoan every unnecessary death, and believe that every precaution should be taken by the railroad companies to prevent accidents, yet we feel that the newspapers are more interested in the sensation created by their records of trolley deaths than in the real welfare of the people. If they would as faithfully and as graphically record each death from diphtheria, or typhoid fever, or tuberculosis, deaths as clearly preventable as trolley deaths, and due largely to neglect on the part of both the individual and the community, they would do a good that would be wider reaching and that would aid in materially lessening the mortality rate of our city.—Medical News.

Here's a New Mosquito Remedy.

An enterprising young man, who is part owner in a boathouse down the river, claims to have discovered something that will be of inestimable value to mankind if experience proves its worth. The inhabitants of this down the river boathouse were nearly torn to pieces by mosquitoes every time they attempted to sleep in the house at night. Screens seemed to be of no avail, and it looked at one time as if the house would have to be abandoned. Finally an old lady who lived in the neighborhood told them that she had not been troubled by mosquitoes for several years.

Her remedy was astonishingly simple. She discarded all screens, and threw the windows wide open at night. Across the open space of the window she stretched a piece of red ribbon about two inches wide. "A mosquito," said she, "cannot be induced to pass that ribbon. Why it is so I do not know, but I know the natives of India take this means of baffling the vicious mosquito. It works to perfection here also." The young man followed instructions, and now declares that there has not been a mosquito in the boathouse since the ribbon was stretched across the doors and windows.—Philadelphia Record.

Ballroom Decorations.

One of the newest decorations for a ball or concert room is the flower balloon, covered with some pale colored silk and having the flowers to correspond with it. For instance, one of pale pink will have Malmaison carnations or La France roses; asparagus, fern and smilax are gracefully intertwined among the blossoms, and the base consists of a basket filled with greenery and tied round with ribbons. In mauve silk and orchids, or in a pale toned yellow, with Gloire de Dijonn roses, the effect is equally lovely. The electric light in these balloons is of 32 candle power, and they are most effective when used in a room which is not otherwise illuminated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Starveling's Diversion.

Plump—I declare, I'm glad I met you. You seem awfully hungry.

Lean—And well I might be. I hadn't eaten anything for 24 hours.

Plump—I'm afraid you are not having things just as you would like them. What are you writing now?

Lean—At present I am engaged in writing a work entitled, "Perils Which Environ the Wealthy." At odd moments I add something to my "Epicure's Cookbook." Do you know, I take an immense delight in that cookbook. It is almost as good as eating.—Boston Transcript.

Domestic Architecture In Chicago.

The inhabitants of Chicago are the least curious and observing people in the world. According to their own newspapers, they permitted one H. H. Holmes to construct in their city a house so extraordinary, so full of hidden doors and secret passages and acid proof vats that it would have attracted thousands of curious visitors had it been built anywhere else. But the guileless Chicagoans suspect nothing. Neither the man who issued the building permit nor the men who did the building saw anything unusual about the house. What is the matter? Is all Chicago blind, or are acid proof vats and secret passages part and parcel of the ordinary Chicago dwelling? Perhaps there is an interesting chapter to be written about domestic architecture in Chicago.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Suiting the Action.

"Jamie," sharply called out his mother, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindling."—Chicago Tribune.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Work Easily Prosecuted In the Tumult of a Thunderstorm.

"Speaking of cinches," said the retired burglar, "the easiest, softest, smoothest snap I ever struck was in a house in a small town in Rhode Island. There was a thunderstorm coming up as I went along toward this house, and just as I got there it began to sprinkle. By the time I'd got inside it was coming down pretty hard, and I was glad to be under shelter, for I hadn't brought any umbrella with me. I hadn't had any supper either, and when I got into the dining room I thought I'd get something to eat. The sideboard was locked and the key carried up stairs, but a little jimmy opened the door as easy as a knife would open a pie. I set out a little snack on the table and sat down and ate it comfortably, with the rain pouring down outside. If there's anything I like, it's to hear a storm a-raging outside when you're settled down all snug and comfortable within.

"But here was something I hadn't counted on. The thunder was roaring and plunging like a dozen earthquakes busting down through the sky, and it kept the house in a tremble all the time. I knew nobody could sleep in that thunder. They'd be sure to be all awake, but here I was, and I hated to lose a night, and after I'd waited a little and the storm didn't show any signs of letting up I thought I'd go ahead an see anyhow. The very first room I looked into up stairs settled the whole business.

"Over in one corner of this room, beyond a bed, I saw a woman standing in front of an open closet door. Two children hopped out of the bed, and the mother pushed them into the closet, and then crowded in herself and pulled the door shut tight. It was all very simple. Husband away, no help; two children sleeping in another room, woke up by thunder, come into their mother's room, all scared; mother puts children in closet and gets in herself, as lots of folks do in thunderstorms. And then I walk over and turn the key in the lock, and there you are. No danger of their coming out till the storm is over anyway, but just as well to be sure about it, and then I just quietly go through the house. It isn't big, and it doesn't take long, and I come back before the storm is over and unlock the closet door again and skip, and that's all there is to it."—New York Sun.

THEY DEVELOPED YOUNG.

Two Famous Poets, Oliver Wendell Holmes and William Cullen Bryant.

Oliver Wendell Holmes received the degree of doctor of medicine in 1836, being then 27 years old, and in that year he also published his first volume of poems. Nothing of Dr. Holmes' has been more popular than "The Last Leaf," contained in this early collection, and none has more richly deserved to please by its rhythmic beauty and by its exquisite blending of humor and pathos so sympathetically intertwined that we feel the lonely sadness of the old man even while we are smiling at the quaintness so feelingly portrayed.

Dr. Holmes was like Bryant, who composed "Thanatopsis" and the "Lines to a Waterfowl" long before he was 20, in that he early attained full development as a poet. Although each of them wrote many verses in later life, nothing of theirs excelled these poems of their youth. In their maturity they did not lose power, but neither did they deepen nor broaden, and "Thanatopsis" on the one side and "The Last Leaf" on the other are as strong and characteristic as anything either poet was ever to write throughout a long life. What Bryant was, what Holmes was, in this, his first volume of poems, each was to the end of his career.

To neither of them was literature a livelihod. Bryant was first a lawyer and then a journalist. Holmes was first a practicing physician and then a teacher of medicine. He won three prizes for dissertations upon medical themes, and these essays were published together in 1838. In 1839 he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth, and the next year he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson. Shortly afterward he resigned the position at Dartmouth and resumed practice in Boston. He worked hard in his profession and contributed freely to its literature, and in 1847 he went back to Harvard, having been appointed professor of anatomy and physiology, a position which he was to hold with great distinction for 35 years.—St. Nicholas.

A Riot In a Theater.

Serious riot arose in the Edinburgh theater in connection with the wounded feelings of the servants. Those were fine times for footmen. When their masters attended the theater, they had free admission to the upper gallery. This was all very well so long as the management did nothing to offend them. But the Scottish servants of those days had a keen sense of dignity and would not submit to be satirized. So when the farce "High Life Below Stairs" was announced the footmen of Edinburgh resolved in full committee that they would not allow such a scandalous libel on themselves to be produced on the boards.

A letter was written to the manager of the theater, in which it was stated that a band of 70 men had sworn at any cost to stop the production of the piece. This letter was foolishly read aloud on the stage, and then in spite of the threat it contained an attempt was made to perform the farce. Hereupon the upper gallery turned rebellious. The noise and discord were prodigious. The masters in the body of the house went up to remonstrate with their contumacious servants, but the latter would not listen to the voice of authority. Order was at last restored, but not before the footmen had been expelled in a body from the house. There was no free admission for footmen after this.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Lightning and Sarcasm.

An evening paper, writes Walter Besant in the London Queen, the other day published a letter from a correspondent giving advice what to do in case of lightning. I read the advice eagerly, because I am horribly afraid of lightning. The greatest safety, he told us—I hope I am giving the information correctly—is to swing hammocks in different rooms. They must be suspended from the wall by silken ropes. Very good indeed. It is an eminently practical piece of advice. My own family contains nine persons, as a rule. There are, happily, more than nine rooms. I shall have all the furniture stored in the garret and rig up a hammock in every room instead. You cannot well put more than one hammock in each room. Think of the beauty and convenience of the arrangement, as well as its safety! When there is no lightning about, we shall sit in the hall, where we shall also take our food. We shall receive our friends on the stairs. When thunderclouds gather, we shall retire each to his own hammock and await the storm in calmness. Houses in the future will be built no doubt on purpose for the accommodation of the antilightning hammock.

VIRGINIA:—At Rnles held in the clerk's office of the circuit court for the county of Accomack, on the third Monday in August, A. D., 1895, the same being the 19th day of said month.

Parker W. Bowden, William J. Collins and John E. Collins, members of the congregation of Christ's Sanctified Holy Church No. One of Chincoteague Island, Virginia, who sue in their own names and on behalf of the other members thereof....Plaintiffs.

against

Joseph B. Lynch, Charlotte M. Lynch, John E. Collins, Sarah E. Collins, William J. Chandler, Elizabeth Chandler, Parker W. Bowden, Sarah B. Bowden, John W. Jones, John W. Bowden, Mary J. Bowden, Catharine Burch, Mariah Bowden, Margaret Powell, Lucinda Bishop, Joseph S. Gray, Mariah Collins and James B. Workman, survivors of themselves and Aaron T. Bowden, deceased, trustees in a certain deed dated February 18th, 1892, from John W. Bowden and Mary J., his wife, to them, for the use of "The ministry and membership of Christ's Sanctified Holy Church No. One of Chincoteague Island, Virginia.....Defendants.

In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to sell Christ's Sanctified Holy Church No. One of Chincoteague Island, Virginia, and the lot on which it is situate; to pay out of the proceeds all the debts due by the congregation or its trustees for church purposes; and to dispose of the balance as the congregation may desire; in conformity with the provisions of Chapter 64 of Code of Virginia and the laws amendatory of said chapter.

Affidavit having been made before the clerk of the said court that Joseph B. Lynch, Charlotte M. Lynch, John E. Collins, Sarah E. Collins, William J. Chandler, Elizabeth Chandler, John W. Jones, John W. Bowden, Mary J. Bowden, Catharine Burch, Mariah Bowden, Margaret Powell, Joseph S. Gray and James B. Workman, fourteen of the defendants in the above entitled cause, are non-residents of the State of Virginia, on the motion of the plaintiffs, by their attorneys, it is ordered that they, the said non resident defendants do appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests; and that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the PENINSULA ENTERPRISE, a newspaper published at Accomack C. H., Virginia, and also posted at the front door of the court-house of the said county on the first day of the next term of the county court of the said county.

Test: JOHN D. GRANT, c. c.

A Copy—

Test: JOHN D. GRANT, c. c.

Blackstone & Bundick, p. q.

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Eastville	..	10 01	11 15
Machipongo	..	10 08	11 22
Bird's Nest	..	10 16	11 30
Nassawadox	..	10 24	11 34
Exmore	..	10 30	11 40
Cheriton	..	10 40	11 48
Keller	..	10 46	11 55
Melfa	..	10 51	12 00
Only	..	10 57	12 06
Tasley	..	11 05	12 15
Parksley	..	11 18	12 33
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Oak Hall	..	11 37	12 51
New Church	..	11 43	1 00
Pocomoke	..	6 05 11 55	1 14
Costen	..	6 10 12 00	1 20
King's Creek	..	6 16 12 10	1 33
Princess Anne	..	6 52 12 20	1 39
Loretto	..	7 00 12 25	1 43
Eden	..	7 10 12 29	1 47
Fruitland	..	7 20 12 34	1 52
Salisbury	..	7 30 12 43	2 02
Williams	..	7 45 12 51	2 10
Delmar	..	7 55 1 00	2 20
Arrive	..	A.M. A.M.	P.M. P.M

Stations	Arrive	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M
Baltimore (Union Station)		..	12 35	6 26	..	6 55
Wilmington		..	11 17	4 15	..	5 05
Phila. (Broad St. Station)		..	12 01	5 10	..	6 00
		..	2 28	6 24	..	
Newark		..	2 55	7 18	..	
New York (P.R.R)		..	3 23	7 43	..	8 38

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Leave	A M	P.M	..	A. M
New York (P.R.R	..	8 00	..	3 00
Newark	..	8 32	..	8 25
Trenton	..	9 00	..	9 23
Phila. (Broad St. Station)	7 25	11 16	..	10 20
Wilmington	8 13	12 01	..	11 03
Baltimore (Union Station)	25	6 45	..	8 55

Stations	Leave	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M
Delmar		11 45	2 55	..	..	1 51
Williams		11 51	3 00	..	..	1 58
Salisbury		12 00	3 08	..	..	2 06
Fruitland		12 07	3 14	..	..	2 12
Eden		12 11	3 19	..	..	2 16
Loretto		12 17	3 25	..	..	2 22
Princess Anne		12 21	3 29	..	..	2 26
King's Creek		12 35	3 33	..	..	2 33
Costen		12 53	3 43	..	..	2 44
Pocomoke		1 09	3 49	..	..	2 49
New Church		..	4 02	..	..	3 03
Oak Hall		..	4 08	..	..	3 11
Hallwood		..	4 14	..	..	3 20
Bloxom		..	4 19	..	..	3 25
Parksley		..	4 26	..	..	3 33
Tasley		..	4 38	..	..	3 47
Only		..	4 41	..	..	3 50
Melfa		..	4 46	..	..	3 56
Keller		..	4 52	..	..	4 03
Mappsburg		..	4 57	..	..	4 08
Exmore		..	5 05	..	..	4 15
Nassawadox		..	5 12	..	..	4 22
Bird's Nest		..	5 19	..	..	4 29
Machipongo		..	5 25	..	..	4 35
Eastville		..	5 33	..	..	4 43
Cobbs		..	5 42	..	..	4 51
Cheriton		..	5 48	..	..	4 55
Cape Charles		..	6 06	..	..	5 10
Old Point Comfort		..	8 00	..	..	7 05
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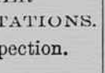

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